

2 October 1973

P-James, Peter

Approved For Release 2005/01/12 : CIA-RDP88-01315R000400230006-0 PRATT & Whitney

A Landing in the Jungle of Espionage

CIA 3.03 USSR

(orig under James)

Peter James

When he worked as a space systems analyst for Pratt & Whitney in the late 1960s and early 1970s, Peter James made intelligence assessments of information collected by the Foreign Technology Division. Over the years he concluded that many operations of the division were illegal.

Attempts by The Post to obtain comments from Pratt & Whitney resulted in the company's allowing us to submit written questions. A spokesman replied:

"In past years we have performed analytical work under contract to the Air Force Foreign Technology Division. But we know of no threats or coercive actions against either the company or Mr. James by anyone in the Air Force.

"Mr. James was dismissed by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft on Oct. 4, 1971, for violation of company rules and not for any security reasons."

"Because a point-by-point rebuttal would require us to divulge classified or proprietary information we cannot respond to your other questions."

Peter James, 33, was born and grew up in Jamestown, N.Y. He graduated from college in 1962, with a B. S. degree in physics from Case Institute of Technology, now Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, Ohio.

His wife Diane is a native of Cherry Hill, N. J.

— THE EDITORS

(c) 1973 By Peter M. James

On a warm and windy evening on July 26, 1971, my wife Diane and I boarded a jet at New York for a European adventure which would thrust us into the middle of an espionage jungle and a frightening international conspiracy.

Six hours and 45 minutes later the Sabena Boeing 747 cut through the thick cloud layer over Europe and made a gentle early-morning landing in Brussels.

This was the first leg of a two-month trip which would end back in Brussels amid swarms of U.S. military undercover agents at the Twenty-Second International Astronautical Federation Congress. The U.S. agents would be spying on Russian scientists at the Congress Palace here but, if my sources were correct, they had something planned for us, too.

A few days later we bought a new Volkswagen from the factory at Wolfsburg, near the East German border, and toured the Kiel Peninsula, Denmark and Sweden before settling down in Bad Gandersheim, a quaint out-of-the-way village in northern Germany surrounded by golden fields, rolling hills and dense forests.

On Aug. 2, 1971, in Bad Gandersheim, we decided to attend international scientific meetings in Yugoslavia, France, and Belgium. I needed more material for a book I was writing on Soviet space and defense programs to offset some of the division's fabrications and recommendations, which if followed to the letter would drive the United States into bankruptcy.

To ensure that I abided by Defense Department security procedures, I visited Edward Kreuser with the U.S. embassy in Bern, Switzerland, on Aug. 5, to notify him that I planned to attend international meetings which would be attended by members of the eastern bloc.

Kreuser told me I could fulfill my security obligations by filling out a debriefing form with the Florida Research and Development Center security department when I returned to work.

During August, we motored through the Swiss Alps, stopped off in Paris and Venice to take notes and photographs for another book I had in mind, and proceeded south to Greece to visit my relatives and the Greek Isles of Mikonos and Corfu.

On Aug. 31, we boarded the Adjaria, a gleaming white Russian cruise ship, in the Greek port of Piraeus and cruised the Adriatic Sea to the port of Gruz, just north of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia.

On Sept. 5, we checked into the Excelsior, our favorite hotel overlooking the Old Fortress of Dubrovnik and the Isle of Lokrum, where Richard Coeur de Lion shipwrecked during the 12th Century on his way back to Britain from the Crusades.

We changed into casual clothes and were strolling in the Plaka district of Dubrovnik, when suddenly a middle-aged American seated in a cafe raised a camera to his face and took our picture. Three hours later the man was in the Soviet

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